



Puck

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THE WRITING ON THE WALL.



was n't always strainin' themselves to prove to him that what he knows is true ain't so.

Pa says expansion is just inflammation, like too much green fruit.

I dunno what all I'd do if I was President of the United States, but I bet you I'd buy a good dog, for one thing.

David Henry.

POSITIVE PROOF.

"He's more or less of a chump, I think."

"A chump? Why, the man actually thinks he can form an impartial opinion of himself!"

ADAM'S ENTRANCE into matrimony was like that of a good many men nowadays; he went into it with his eyes shut.



WHERE THE TALENT LAY.

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—Who is the highest-priced man in the company? Why, MacBooth; he plays *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Richard*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Richelieu*, *Josh Whitcomb*, *Colonel Sellers* and *Davy Crockett*!

COUNTRY HOTEL CLERK.—Gosh! Talented, ain't he?

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—*Talented!* I should say he was! Why, the cuss does all our own bill-posting for us, too!

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.



There ain't no necessity for me to study grammar.

Pa says there ain't no show for General Miles to be President, 'cause canned meat ain't used enough by folks who can lay their dyspepsia to it to elect him.

Folks up here where we live have kind o' got over their pa-tr'otism. Jim Juddby, our hero of the Spanish war, can't borrow no more money at all.

Pa says that usu'ly the feller that's called "an intimate friend of the fam'ly" is just a plain liar.

If figures won't lie, how does it come that my 'rithmetic examination was marked zero?

It's the tone of voice that makes swear-words wicked.

Seems to me that a feller would get educated faster if teachers



NO CHANCE FOR HIM.

JESSIE.—Don't you think his intentions are serious?

KATE.—Yes; but his attentions are ridiculous.



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My Calendar

I NEVER KNOW what date it is,
And when my friends ask why
I hesitate quite bashfully
And pass the subject by.

The maiden on my calendar
Laughs at me every day,
Yet I have not the courage
To send that page away.

If she would once be serious
Perhaps we should remember
That she was sketched for August
And this month is December.

She wears a quaint, short-waisted gown,
And half-turns, smiling, mocking;
A Summer breeze has touched her dress
To show a white silk stocking.

Her satin slippers, without heels,
Are quite absurd, I know,
To stand on tiptoe in just now
When we expect the snow.

Short puffs for sleeves, and long silk mitts,
A pink scarf floating free;
From depths of French poke bonnet
Her glances follow me.

Swinging a small pink sunshade,
That she never cares to use,
She smiles and asks me, "Shall I stay?"
And how can I refuse?



AUGUST						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRID	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

FLAT-LIFE REVEALED.

EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE, on looking through the advertisements in my morning paper for a new cook, I see that some city flat-owners offer, as a special inducement, to furnish pianos, free, to renters of their flats," remarked Mr. Isolate, of the suburb of lovely Lonelyville, to a city friend across their "beans and—" in one of the New York quick lunch restaurants, at noon, the other day. "They also advertise, 'children, dogs, cats and parrots barred.' Well, these ads. might tend to make me a trifle discontented with my lot out in beautiful Lonelyville, in my little easy-monthly-payment cottage, if it were not for the fact that I happen to have a Harlem friend, a Mr. Pincherflat, who lives in one of these buildings to which I refer, called the Arcadia, Millennium, or something of that sort, and who invites me up to dine with him now and then, just to demonstrate the superiority of his mode of existence to that which I lead out in 'the dismal suburbs,' as he terms them, and to make me feel generally miserable.

"I have noticed that in the flats where children are excluded, the rule does not apply to the family of the janitor, and that he invariably has as many offspring as a confirmed Brooklyn borough man. Cats may be barred, but every time I have been in my friend's flat a derelict cat from some neighboring flat has fallen down the air-shaft from the roof, and there have been several strange felines holding a Wagnerian cycle on the fire-escape. Though there are no dogs or parrots in the same house with him, there is a dog or a parrot on each floor of the flat-building on either side, whose owners can never be gotten at and argued with.

"At half-past six o'clock at night all the free pianos begin playing 'The Maiden's Prayer,' each in a different key, and some in rag-time. Pincherflat leans back luxuriantly in his Morris chair, which takes up two-thirds of the room in the spacious eight-by-eleven foot parlor and draws: 'Now, own up to it, old pumpkinduster, is n't this the perfection of life?'"

Con. C. Converse.



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HER SAD MISTAKE.

ARABELLA (*convulsively*).—Oh, heavens, Gertrude! Wot a hit!

GERTRUDE (*sighing*).—And to t'ink, Arabella, dat only yistidday I shook de feller dat made it fer de guy dat muffed it!

THE DRAMA AT THE DEAF-AND-DUMB ASYLUM.



IT WAS a gala night at the Deaf-and-Dumb Asylum. The long-anticipated amateur theatrical performance, given by a few talented inmates of the institution for the amusement of their fellows, was about to become an accomplished fact.

The piece—a stirring melodrama—had been carefully and thoroughly rehearsed, and the actors, all dead-letter perfect in their parts, were in their dressing-rooms, putting the finishing touches to their make-ups with deft fingers, or nervously testing the nimbleness of these versatile organs for the approaching ordeal of sign language. Before the curtain the audience was silently assembling, smilingly congratulating one another upon the occasion and amiably adjusting misunderstandings as to reserved seats with twinkling fingers. The silence was only broken by the scraping of chairs and the rustling of the ladies' gowns, the project not having included anything so entirely superfluous as an orchestra.

At eight o'clock, precisely, the curtain rose upon a stillness that would have been disconcerting to performers who depended upon their ears for encouragement, and the play began. The opening scenes passed briskly off; the entrance of the hero in soldier-clothes was greeted with a universal burst of digital congratulation, and as the plot unfolded itself to the delighted eyes of the audience the interest rose to fever-heat.

Under other circumstances a certain incongruity might have been perceived in the sentimental scenes where the ordinary routine of stage love-making had to be modified slightly in order to accommodate the peculiar medium of the dialogue; but the spectacle of a lover with his arms about his mistress's neck, apparently occupied in doing up her hair with his disengaged fingers; and the lady, in alternation, reciprocating this intimate attention by knitting her admirer a pair of invisible socks, offered no suggestion of the ludicrous to their entirely sympathetic audience.

It was a little awkward, perhaps, in the second act, where the comic servant telegraphed rapidly to the unconscious back of the hero, "Fly, Master! The enemy are upon us!" several times before the absorbed protagonist remembered that he should be facing up stage and obligingly turned around; but the enemy, conspicuously waiting in the wings, were in no particular hurry, so no great harm was done, if, indeed, the dramatic suspense of the incident was not even heightened.

All went swimmingly until the fourth act where the heroine, as is usual in this sort of play, fell into the hands of the villain of the piece, played, owing to a shortage of talent among the deaf-and-dumb, by one of the attendants of the asylum. This gentleman, though an expert in sign-language, was naturally not in full sympathy with the rest of the cast, and in the excitement of the scene became oblivious of the rehearsed procedure and of the peculiar conditions of the performance. When, therefore, the heroine, who had duly wandered into the depths of a remote and inaccessible forest in the usual white muslin gown, silk stockings and slippers, had given him his cue in a tremulous confession that, Heaven help her! she was lost! he rushed down-stage from his place of concealment behind a set tree, and seizing both her wrists in a grip of iron, glared at her in hateful triumph.

This was her cue to say, "Unhand me, villain!" and



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A GRAND TIME.

DUNNIGAN.—Haw, haw, haw! Faix there 'd be the devil to pay thin!

FLANAGAN.—Phwat 's wrong wid yez?

DUNNIGAN.—Shure, Oi wore just 'inkin', phwat av the Fourt' av July should happen to fall on St. Patrick's Day some year!

WEARY WILLY'S ATTRACTIVENESS;

OR;

HOW HE PROCURED A SQUARE MEAL.

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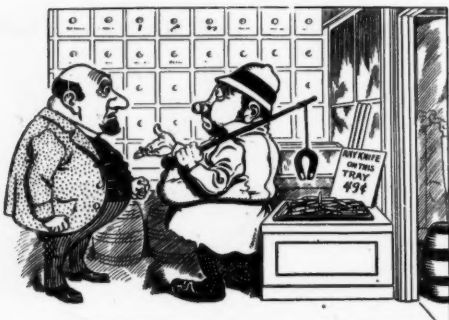
WEARY WILLY.—Well, 'pon my word! some kid has lost dis 'ere big magnet. Feel sorry fer der kid, 'cause 't ain't goin' t' be no use t' me.



II. "But, as it looks somet'in' like a horse-shoe, I'll just tie it onto de end of me stick fer luck."



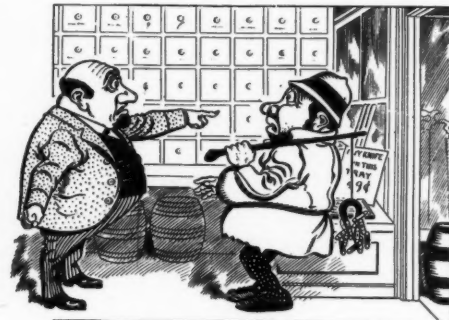
III. "Here 's dis hardware store wot dey kicked me outen de odder day. May be dey won't be so cross ter day. I'll go in."



IV. "Yes, boss; I knows yer tole me never t' come inter dis store, but—"



V. "I just wanted t' ask yer t' give me a couple o' nails t' use fer suspender buttons."



VI. STOREKEEPER.—Now, look here! I don't trust you. Get out of here just as quick as you can; back out, keep your eyes on me, and let me see both hands!

the audience, experienced in such matters, waited with parted lips to see her defiance. But the words, for obvious reasons, did not come. The prompter's fingers emerged from the side of the proscenium arch and practically repeated the necessary speech with cracking knuckles. The heroine struggled violently with her assailant, striving to free her captive organs of speech, but all in vain. Her captor, full of the spirit of the situation, had quite forgotten her disabilities and held on firmly. The audience rose in silent clamor, gesticulating wildly; the heroine gave it up and fainted away, and the curtain fell upon a melancholy fiasco.

F. E. Chase.

HIS STATUS.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, is n't a cynic a man who is tired of everybody?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—Yes; and of whom everybody is tired.

TRYING TO BE FUNNY.

"Henry, it has been discovered that there is poison in all wall-paper."

"Well, don't worry about that; we may not have to eat any."

MONEY MAKES the mare go, and it has been known to accelerate the movements of the dark horse.



VII.

WEARY WILLY.—All right, boss! Just as you say. Dere 's me hands. See dat I don't take nothin'. Good-day!



VIII.

(As he gets outside).—"Say! dat horseshoe magnet wot I found did n't bring no good luck! I'll just t'row it a—Fer heaving's sake! what is dis?"



IX.

(One hour later).—"It was kinder mean fer Isaacs t' give me only fifteen cents apiece on dose knives; but twenty knives at fifteen is t'ree dollars. Say! I'm goin' t' use dat magnet on my coat-of-arms after dis."

THE WAY OF A MAID.



MY SON, can you see through a grindstone? Have you solved the charade of the Sphinx?
Have you mastered the squaring of circles, and dug up a few missing links?
Well, perhaps, if you're patient and lucky, you'll learn how a Young Woman thinks.

Is she always dressed to receive you, and fleckless from slipper to glove?
Does she always seem anxious to please you all Other Fellows above?
My son, they prink for a conquest, but sit in the ashes with love.

When she bade Him walk to the club-house, but drove you down in her cart,
You thought she was showing you favor? O Son! what a ninny thou art!
Why, he knew that she knew that he knew who fared on that road with her heart!

She always asks you to linger, and hints that the other may go;
And you almost feel sorrowful for him, she seems to be freezing him so;
And is it for you she is melting? Well, Sonny, just ask and you'll know!

My Son, have you waked ere the weasel? Can you open the eyes of the blind?
Have you dug up the end of the rainbow and mapped the ways of the wind?
Well, try to be patient and lucky, and fathom a Young Woman's mind!

W. M. Gee.

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.

FIRST ARTIST.—An artist has just as much right to roast the critics as the critics have to roast the artist.

SECOND ARTIST.—Of course; but the critics get paid for roasting and the artist does n't.



WANTS HIS MONEY.

ASKINS.—So it is true that the wheel-craze is subsiding?

HUMPER.—No; the man I bought mine from calls on me every month, just as rabid as ever!



HER VIEWS.

NOSCADDS.—I suppose we are both extravagant!

MRS. NOSCADDS.—Oh, no! We merely have extravagant tastes. We have n't money enough to be extravagant.

SUSPICIOUS.

EXHORTER.—Look on high, friend!

UNREGENERATE.—An' den youse 'll yell, "Rubberneck!" I guess nit!

HIS WAY.

"The editor of the *Weekly Culverin* appears to be a man who takes things as they come," remarked the tourist.

"Aw, yes!" replied the landlord of the Occidental Hotel, at Boomopolis, Oklahoma. "The other day an irate subscriber bulged into the printin' office an' announced in a blood-shot voice that he had come to clean out the place; the editor ca'mly slapped a gun against his head an' made him do it."

TWO ROOTS.

AUNTIE COLDWATER (temporarily off her hobby).—"Money is the root of evil—"

LITTLE TOMMY.—What's the matter with liquor, Auntie?

"PARLEZ VOOZE FRANKACE?"



ISS PHRASER herself a booklet had bought,
And the name of the same was, "French
Self-Taught."

"I guess I will startle the girls and the
boys
When they hear me spiel the Parisian
patois."

We walked by the sea till the hour grew
late,
And she said, "I'm not sure that this is
au fait."

"T is my first visit here, but I've always been taught
To do nothing that is n't quite *comme il faut*."

"My Pop had to stand a regular siege
Ere he'd let me come here as the Jones's *protege*."

"They keep me strictly in strings here—but, tut!
Just you come to St. Lou. when I make my *debut*."

"I'll show you St. Louie is all right, at that,
For I'm going to make my *debut* with *eclat*."

"Down there I've a rep. for sparkle and wit,
And you'll hear them repeating my last *jeu d'esprit*."

"My ball will leave the whole bunch in the lurch,
For I'm going to have it simply *recherche*."

"It is n't as though I was 'out of my class,'
And likely to make some dreadful *faux pas*."

"For I know just how all breaks to avoid,
And I'll carry it off with the proper *sang froid*."

"And now let's go back, and the quicker the sooner,
Or we'll get little sleep ere it's time for *dejeuner*."

Carl Currie.



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DISBANDED.

BRONCO BILL.—What become of that Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe that was billed
here last week?

BUCKER BITTS.—Oh! they kind of disbanded. The boys lynched Legree, made
Uncle Tom Mayor, the Sheriff married Eva, and the Injuns ate the dogs!

"LIVES OF GREAT MEN—"

FIRST BOY.—Did n't you hear the teacher say Sir
Walter Scott was terrible dull when he went to school?

SECOND BOY.—Was he? That ought to be a
lesson to these smart kids that wants to know it all.

AN ATTRACTIVE PROSPECT.

THE COOK (*answering advertisement for
help*).—I never wor-ruked in a flat before.

THE MAID (*also answering advertisement*).
—Don't you like the idea?

THE COOK.—Oh! I'll thry it.
They do be tellin' me yez can
have fine ould rows wid de
janitors.

INEVITABLE.

When the lion and
the lamb do lie down
together some pessi-
mistic old crank will
be sure to grunt:
"Humph! Politics
do make strange bed-
fellows!"

HER INFERENCE.

MRS. CAPTAIN BRAG-
GINGTON.—My hus-
band won renown on
the tented field.

SALLY GAY.—Why, I
did n't know he had ever
traveled with a circus!

AN EXPLANATION.

HE.—How can those stores make money
if they sell everything below cost?

SHE.—Why, I suppose they buy everything still
further below cost!

O LIBERTY! the crimes that are done in thy name!
Particularly the Yankee crime of not sounding the
"r," which leaves thy name "Libutty!"



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PROFESSIONAL APPRECIATION.

"That," cried the great painter, ecstatically, as he surveyed his daughter's first attempt
with a camera, where the cow was blurred into the rail-fence, and the rail-fence was blurred
into the apple-orchard, and the apple-orchard blurred into the landscape generally; "that,
my dear child, is not photography;—that is art!"



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

OUR TEARFUL ONES.

THE CAMPAIGN in the Philippines is distressing in any aspect, whether considered as a necessity or as a luxury. But there is a vast deal of superfluous hysteria over it. It is moving many estimable persons to seize the earth firmly and to try, by united tugging, to stop its revolutions. This spectacle is even less edifying than war. Our action in the Philippines is an incident in the assumption, Providentially ordained, of what Mr. Kipling calls the white man's burden. You may call it the white man's greed, if you like, or his ambition, or his innate perversity. It is a something, an unflagging impulse that keeps this crude mass of humanity in motion and the general average constantly rising. It is the least common denominator of humanity. To criticise obedience to it is to ignore the most salient fact in natural and political history.

Let such critics go back to the very cradle of the races and to the time when people first recorded history. From then to now it is but a bloody record of criminal aggression. Yet, whatever we have of civilization is the result of it—of invasion and conquest. No people has ever risen to greatness except by these means. The process has ever been the same: the Western Roman Empire falls under the attacks of the Gothic invaders. Criminal aggression, to be sure; but out of it take their rise the States of modern Europe. A great continent is invaded by Europeans and its unoffending inhabitants ruthlessly slaughtered. Criminal aggression, to be sure, but out of it come the Americas.

"Where in all history," demands a fervid soul in the *Evening Post*, "do we read of a more gallant resistance than that which the Philippine

army is making?" That's the danger in reading the *Post* and its like. One risks infection with their spiritual jaundice. Here is a poor fellow so scourged with it that he gibbers. It is perhaps worth while to say for the benefit of other *Post* readers, who may not be so far gone, that there are very many places in "all history" where this phenomena may be read of, and we do not know of a better place to read of it than in the history of the United States of America. In truth the Filipinos have made no especially gallant resistance, while our own history is profusely enlivened with examples of it. The Filipinos can not be compared at all favorably with the brave and patriotic people of what we now designate as North America. No one can read the history of those people without thrilling with admiration for their dogged warfare against the white invader. They struggled gallantly for their sacred rights, but we took their land, slaughtered the most of them and reduced the remnants to the rank of subjects.

Why will not the hysterically-minded folks who write for and to a few papers like the *Post* take a good square look at such facts as this? If they are honest in their present contention they will not stay in this country one day longer. Senator Hoar will leave us, and the editor of the *Post* and Mr. Bryan and Mr. Schurz and William Lloyd Garrison, second of the name, and a large number of earnest and vivid-minded citizens. They surely can not stay upon ground that was taken from its owners without even the shadow of an excuse, except that we wanted it. If they own land here they must renounce it; for they hold it by virtue of slaughter in no way differing from that which they condemn in the Philippines. They will then start in search of a place whose inhabitants did not gain it by conquest. They will go first to England; but they can not stay there, for its present inhabitants gained it by the same criminal aggression. Then would they go to Normandy, perhaps; and be driven thence by their relentless consciences back to France, to Germany, to Italy, to Greece, to Egypt and finally to that fruitful starting place somewhere in South-western Asia. And since they would not find even there one foot of land that they or their tribes had not taken wrongfully they would in the end find themselves with nothing to stand on: which is precisely their position in the present controversy.

"At this time the country was occupied by the native dark races; but these were speedily subdued by the fair-skinned Aryans." That is the burden of the song of Time. We do not make the scheme but we are subject to it. To speak as the *Post* and some of its brethren do day after day is to make a perfectly silly exhibition of spite and littleness. Doubtless the Almighty could have made a world to suit the ideas of the *Evening Post*, but certainly He did not; and we are not sure that, if He had, we would have admired it any more than we do this one.

A CURIOUS CURIOSITY.



URAL VISITOR (*in the dime museum*).—Say, Mister! what's wonderful about this 'ere feller on the platform? He looks jest about like anybody else, except that he 'pears to be half-starved.

LECTURER.—Why, sir, he is the only country editor in America who does n't know all about the proper disposition to be made of the Philippines.

COINCIDENCE.

"The lover, sighing like
A furnace!" Now, that's funny;
Because a lover, sighing thus,
Is doubtless burning money.

A MURMUR IN THE RANKS.

FIRST HEELER.—Ten dollars for a dinner! Gee!
SECOND HEELER.—'T ain't right! Ten dollars 'd pay fer five votes.

THE OUTLOOK.

"There's pretty sure to be a split in the Democratic ranks next election."
"It looks that way. If the leaders vote as they eat, harmony is impossible."

HIS APPREHENSION.

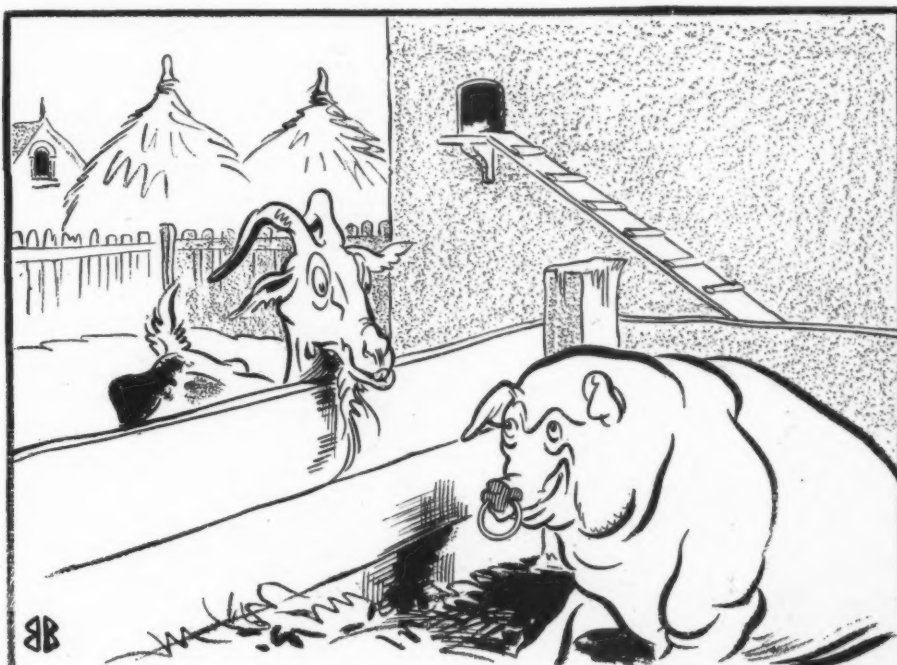
"I don't know," said the millionaire, shaking his head dubiously; "it seems to me there are too many Trusts being formed."
"Indeed?" remarked the other man, arching his eyebrows.
"Yes. I'm afraid it's only a question of time when they'll compete with each other."

NO POLITICAL party can afford to whitewash its soiled linen just to save the wear and tear of laundering.

A RANK OUTSIDER.

INKWELL.—There is n't much chance of a man making a fortune by writing poetry.

SCRIBBLES.—No; the average Pegasus is n't even a hundred-to-one shot.



A MATTER OF SENTIMENT.

THE GOAT.—Why on earth don't you take that horrid ring out of your nose?
THE PIG.—Oh! er—you see—er—this was wished on!



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PUCK.



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THE ANTI-EXPANSIONIST.



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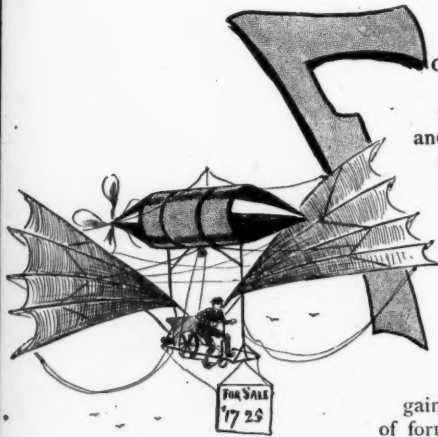
NOT IDENTIFIED.

THE BUNCO-STEERER.—I'm sure I've met you before!

THE OTHER PARTY.—Guess not! I was buncoed once by somebody that looked like you; but I don't think it was you.

SOME ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUCH AS OUR SUCCESSORS MAY SEE IN THE PAPERS OF 1996.



FOR SALE.—A good Rambler flying machine, been used only two months, for sale. Has the latest improved saddle and an aluminum steering gear, and warranted to sail two miles a minute. Will sell for \$17.25, or will exchange for a sunbeam condenser and \$3 cash. Address X. Y. Z., this office.

FOR SALE.—A telautograph with the new photographic attachment. Will photograph a person or scene in one second and send the picture in its natural colors around the world in six minutes. Is perfect, and a bargain at \$4.37½. Reason for selling, death of former owner. Address 456789, this office.

FOR SALE.—A property on 134th Street. Just completed. Contains every modern comfort. Sunbeam retorts in every room. All cooking and heating done by concentrated beams with automatic adjustments. Refrigerating pipes for Summer. Every window fitted with balcony for air-ships.

Electric elevators to the roof. Very convenient for modest family. Price, \$100,000.

FOR SALE.—Cottages in the new aerial suburb, "Argontown." Reached by the Suburban Aerial Navigation ships, leaving City Hall every three seconds. This town is 2000 feet above the earth, and is firmly anchored to a number of aerial buoys. Pure air and plenty of light guaranteed. The city is right below this site and can be reached by parachute in five minutes. Location unsurpassed. Terms moderate. Apply Argontown Improvement Co.

FOR RENT.—Rooms in the 80-story apartment house, 8888 South North Street. Excellent for people who wish to evade their creditors. Elevator concealed. Apply early.

FOR RENT.—Two hall rooms in Captive Balloon flat. Air-ship free. New cloud evaporator prevents clouds and fogs. Rent cheap. Apply 76 North 67th Street.

PERSONAL.—If the man who surreptitiously removed that electric sunshade with parachute attachment from the hall of 5432 West 2345th Street does not return it, we will prosecute him for larceny. His name is known and begins with Dennis.

FOUND.—An automatic thought-register; has been used to record only six thoughts. Probably lost by some dude, who can have it by applying at the Jink's building, 100th floor.

PROPOSALS.—For changing the direction of the Gulf Stream. Proposals must include the directing of the ocean currents downwards toward Africa, and the changing of the Simooms. Bonds of \$2,000,000 must accompany the bids. No interference allowed with the weather conditions of the United States.

HELP WANTED.—An active young man wanted to carry this journal to San Francisco and surrounding towns. Can spend his evenings in Chicago, so that he is back in time for the early delivery every morning. Must possess his own air-cycle. Apply this office.

HELP WANTED.—Girls wanted to learn to manipulate our new electric sunbeam condensers. Good positions secured for adepts. Apply K. E. B., this office.

HELP WANTED.—Lady wanted to take care of twins, take them out in their aerial perambulator, cook on our electric range and superintend the pneumatic automata about the house. Salary \$25 daily. Apply 41144 Policy Street.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.—The citizens of Russia living in the United States are requested to go to Moscow to-morrow to help celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Russian Republic. Air ships leave every ten minutes, and excursionists will be able to catch return ships after the illuminations, so as to be back for bed time.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—Mr. Paul Paulson, of Zenegambia, will lecture at the Auditorium to-night at 6 o'clock. Subject, "Why Zenegambia became a United States colony."

MEDICAL.—Beauty Balm. My own preparation. All skin-discolorations cured. Negros turned white after two applications. Indians made into albinos over night. Not to be confounded with other lotions. For sale room 234567, 111th floor, Botz Bldg.

MEDICAL.—A hypnotist, Prof. Fakeer, is now prepared to treat all who desire to forget. Past troubles and sins are quickly and easily eradicated. Misspent lives, angry passions, bad language, etc., skillfully removed from the memory. 1, South 00 Street.

SITUATION WANTED.—By an experienced air-man as pilot or captain of an air-ship. Has had three years' experience on the Trans-Atmospheric Air Line. Familiar with all mountains and air currents. Comes well-recommended. Never had more than 200 accidents in all his career. Address, 5 Slum Street.

A GREETING.



DEAR, my Lady Nicotine,
Welcome back!
For a month my thoughts have
been
On thy lack.
Let me feel again thy grace
In my heart's increasing pace.
Cigarettes in spirals trace,
Welcome, Lady Nicotine!

I wax, Lady Nicotine,
Fearful that
My physique, supremely lean,
Gather fat.
All day wide-awake I keep,
While o' nights too sound I sleep;
So my briar's streamers sweep,
Welcoming dear Nicotine.

Dear, my Lady Nicotine,
Oath I give
None shall come us two between
While I live.
And as for the maiden who
Said it must be she or you —
My cigar weaves crowns of blue
For my mistress, Nicotine!

Layton Brewer.



IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

MYNHEER VAN DER JAGG. — I don't — hic — I don't see what we're leaving the tavern for.
MYNHEER VAN DER TANK. — Oh! come on! We're going to another tavern.
MYNHEER VAN DER JAGG. — Well, that 's — hic — that 's *some* excuse!

HIS TROUBLE.

MRS. GAGSMITH. What is the matter, Pennington? You look worried.

PENNINGTON GAGSMITH (*a joke-writer*). — I am, my dear. I have here an excellent joke without a point, and a first-rate point without a joke; and to save my life I can't get 'em to form a partnership!

THE AVERAGE man is neither as thoughtful as he looks nor as thoughtful as he thinks.

THE NEWEST WOMAN.

LITTLE KATHARINE (*aged six years*). — I don't know yet what I'll be when I grow up — a co-ed, a ballet-dancer or a cook; but I suppose I'll be just a plain mother. Is n't it pitiful?

THERE ARE just as good sea-serpents in the sea as have ever been seen.



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ALAS!

JASPER (*during a temporary escape from the guests*). — I wish our acquaintances were not such infernal bores!
MRS. GRISELDA JASPER. — Well, my dear, most people's acquaintances *are* infernal bores, you know!

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Holds the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R

New York SOHMER BUILDING
Warerooms, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

In the old nursery rhyme, "When the mouse ran up the clock," we presume the clock ran down.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*



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CRESCENT PRICES

have always been attractive. They have appealed to the fair-minded by their moderation and firmness.

Low enough to be practical, and high enough to cover a strictly high-grade product!

They are guaranteed prices and are rigidly maintained throughout the seasons.

The immense facility of our factory, the phenomenal sales and the economy in making, explain the price and the perfect product.

Catalogue No. 11, containing
"The Care of the Wheel," Free.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

A NICE young man, behold!
Dress'd stylish as he
could,
Would better look, three-
fold,
If adding yet he would
The

• "BENEDICT" •

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers.
Broadway and Cortlandt St., New York.

WHITE.—I don't like to hear men refer to our business as channels of trade; it sounds altogether too suspicious.

BLACK.—What business are you in?

WHITE.—The milk business. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN a woman's son marries, she never fully forgives him until he has had trouble with his wife and comes back to her for comfort. —*Atchison Globe.*

It is always safe to say, "Spring is coming!" It is always risky to declare, "Spring has come!" —*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

Nothing contributes more to digestion than the use of *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters*. Don't accept an imitation.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!



COMMON-PLACE WORK.

VISITOR.—Now, honestly, are they really your ancestors?
MR. NEWRICH (with dignity).—Now! I'm a self-made man! It took me to make myself, but any old artist could make my ancestors!

The Prudential

Insurance

Company

of America

Home Office
Newark N.J.

John F. Dryden President

FORBEARANCE is that heaven-sent quality which enables us to get along with a neighbor who insists on keeping a dog when we much prefer to keep a cat. —*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

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For the best, finished colored design (single or serial) for a

1900 Art Calendar

we will pay

One Thousand Dollars.

Qualifying points: Appropriateness, Treatment, Sentiment.

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Competition Closes June 1st, 1899.

We reserve the right to reject any and all designs. Those not accepted will be returned.

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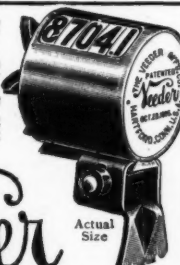
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Health-giving Shoes.
Good fitting Shoes.

Shoes that give you character.
Send for Catalogue free.

Ralston Health Shoe Makers,
Campello, Mass.

An Accurate Knowledge of Distance

is essential to the efficient use of a wheel. If you doubt this, try a



Veeder CYCLOMETER

FOR A WEEK. It is the only accurate distance recorder for bicycles . . .



Its merit has eliminated competition — 80% of modern cyclometers are Veeder Cyclometers. Price, \$1.20, 10,000 miles and repeat. Dust-proof, water-proof, positive action. On the "Trip" Cyclometer, price \$2.25, the small indicator can be set back to zero separately, like a stem-setting watch, after each trip. Parts cannot become disarranged. Cannot register falsely unless actually broken. No springs. No delicate parts. Made for 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch wheels.

Booklet free. **VEEDER MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.**

"My son follows the medical profession."

"Where did he study medicine?"

"Oh! he is n't a doctor; he's an undertaker." — *Yale Record.*

BELLE.—Is Willy raising whiskers?

BEULAH.—Well, I would n't like to dignify them by calling them whiskers; I think whiskerettes would be more proper. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. **Dr. J. L. Stephens,** Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

Morning, Noon, and Night Fast Trains to the West — Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.



AFTER SHE KEPT HIM WAITING.

CROPPER.—Yes; I must confess that punctuality is one of my favorite virtues.
MISS WAITE.—Well, cultivate patience;—it is equally important.

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NEXT

ORIGINALITY.
TO SIMPLICITY AND GREAT
STRENGTH THE QUALITY
MOST APPRECIATED IN A
BICYCLE IS ORIGINALITY.

Rambler
BICYCLES

"20 year old wheels"

are noted for their originality,
simplicity, great strength and
fair price.

1899 PRICE
\$40

Agencies everywhere.

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IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT
Drink
OLD BARREL
RYE WHISKY
FOR SALE IN EXCLUSIVE
HOTELS, RESTAURANTS &
CAFES.

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Philadelphia, Pa.

"WHY did Bill get pinched?"
"He called a policeman a lobster."—*Yale Record*.

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are always
guaranteed to be
free from any defect
in material or
construction. The
makers particularly
recommend the
movement engraved
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sizes for ladies
and gentlemen,
and for sale by all
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Made of One Piece of Metal
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You get a new one without charge in case of
accident of any kind. *The Story of a Collar
Button* gives all particulars. Postal us for it.
All jewelers sell **Krementz** buttons.

Krementz & Co., 39 Chestnut St.,
NEWARK, N. J.

AN UNRELIABLE
BRAND.
"He said he would
brand me as a cap-
ricious coquette."
"What did you
say?"
"I told him he talk-
ed as if I were a can
of something to eat."
—*Detroit Free Press*.

A QUESTION OF
SYNTAX.
"Miss Boston is
going to adopt the
divided skirt for
wheeling."
"Does she call the
garment it or them?"
—*Yale Record*.

**What is
Your Work?**
If you are dissatisfied
with your situation, your sal-
ary, your chances of complete
success, write to The International
Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa.,
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ing room positions. Write
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Box 918
Scranton,
Pa.

HIS INVESTMENT.
"What did your
friend do with all his
money?"
"It's tied up just
at present," answered
Senator Sorghum.
"In speculation?"
"Well, kind o'. The
Legislature's in a
deadlock." — *Wash-
ington Star*.

THERE are too
many of us who im-
agine that an iron-
clad resolution, born
every few hours, is all
there is to being eco-
nomical. — *Atchison
Globe*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

NOTHING is less interesting than to discuss
what to get for dinner, right after breakfast. —
Washington Democrat.

OVERHEARD AT WELLESLEY.

FRESHMAN.—We had a terrible rush with the Sophomores a few days ago.
VISITOR.—Were the results disastrous?
FRESHMAN (*seriously*).—Oh, yes! One girl lost two side-combs and a cuff-button.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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NEW IDEAS NEW ANGLES NEW LINES

AGENTS WANTED

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OUR CRANK HANGER DOES IT.

A Narrow Tread applies the rider's power to the best advantage. In bicycles this construction increases internal strains and friction, but in the Racycle the supports of the strain (the balls) are at the ENDS of the shaft instead of in the middle, which so distributes the strains and reduces the friction that 27 per cent. of the labor is saved. The rider goes farther and faster and the wheel lasts longer.

The Taper Head permits stronger bracing where the frame strain is greatest, and adds grace to the frame. We have a handsome catalogue to send you for 2 cents. We want Agents.

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CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

Excuse the déshabille

But notice the Suspender. It has more available stretch than the ordinary Suspender and IT DOES NOT GRADUALLY PLAY OUT. Consequently trousers do not sag and buttons are safe. Careful dressers appreciate the perfection of

Chester Suspenders

Its the graduated cord end used only in the Chester that makes it better than any other Suspender.

The "Endwell" model at 50 cts. The C. S. C. at 25 cts. Sample pairs postpaid on receipt of price. Scarf-faster free to purchasers who also send name of their furisher who does not keep them.

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is the question asked of every tourist returning from Colorado. This attractive trip is via "The Colorado Road" and may be made pleasantly and conveniently in one day. It comprehends the most sublime and beautiful in mountain scenery, the route being through beautiful Clear Creek Canon, whose massive walls tower hundreds of feet above the train. In addition to the Loop trip, you should by all means go from Denver to Leadville through picturesque Platte Canon, then which there is no grander scenery in the world. For descriptive matter please write, enclosing two-cent stamp, to

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P. S.—Send 5 cents in postage for a beautifully colored Loop Button.

A NEW WAY OF TELLING IT.

TEACHER.—Now, Tommy, what gives the diamond its remarkable value?
TOMMY.—It's 'cause so many more girls want it than can get it, isn't it?—*Jewelers' Weekly.*



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Superior Tonic and Digestive Beverages, which combine the Delicious Taste and Aroma of Natural Fruit. Popular as Dinner Liqueurs, and Unequaled for Punches, Cocktails, Sherbets and as Culinary Assistants.

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Foppe

A CORRECTION.

SCRIBBLER (*indignantly*).—So Lusher referred to me at the club last night as a "literary hack," did he?
SPACER.—Yes; but Slusher called him right down for it; said that from the way you murdered things you must be a "literary trolley-car!"

America makes the finest brand of champagne, Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. It is delicious, fruity and pure.

Knowing physicians prescribe Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, to tone up the system—they know Abbott's will meet every requirement. All druggists.

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Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Do not require larger shoes. Invaluable, durable, healthful, recommended by physicians. Raised or lowered by adding or removing layers of cork. 1/2 in., 25c.; 3/4 in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. Ladies' or Men's.

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BICYCLE 1899 & DRIVING

PRICES LOW TO SELL MILLIONS

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VERY KIND-HEARTED.
Of all forgiving beings
Old Satan leads the rest;
For, don't you see, they tell us he
Loves wicked folks the best.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

EARNING HIS GRUB.
JINKS.—What is Winters doing for a living now?
BLINKS.—Oh! anything that his rich wife tells him.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

YEAST.—Half the world don't know how the other half live.
CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes; I guess that is about the proportion that mind their own business.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke

IS FRAGRANT

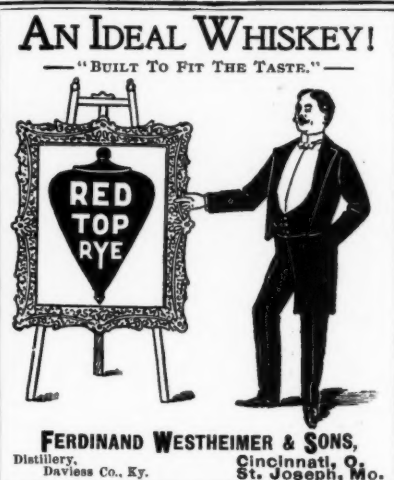
and there is luxury and economy in every pipeful. You can't get many good cigars now for \$2.00, but \$2.00 will buy a pound of Yale Mixture—400 pipefuls—and you will have all the pipe-smoker's satisfaction and comfort without your every-day cigar extravagance.

A liberal sample—enough for a proper trial of Yale Mixture—will be mailed prepaid anywhere for 25 cts. Send postage stamps.

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The most nearly perfect bearings and sprockets yet devised are in

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The highest attainment in bicycle building.

Our Catalogue will post you fully—Free.

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ATMOSPHERIC VIBRATION.
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How we wonder what you are!"
But we've ascertained, we think,
What it is that makes you twink.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

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Sunshine into the lives of

Mankind

Like the cup of true

Happiness

It has no dregs.



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DIGEST ANY KIND
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THE REAL OLD SCOTCH
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WHEELMAN.—I believe I'll give up bicycling. I am as careful as can be, but every now and then some accident happens. This is the second time I've been arrested and fined for running into people.

BUSINESSMAN.—I'll tell you how to manage. Just you get a job as bill collector. Everybody will dodge you then.
—N. Y. Weekly.



Pepsalt...

is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with Pepsalt and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices.

Pepsalt taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.
THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO.,
43 Sherill Street,
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Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him

That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION



DID N'T NOTICE THEM ALL.

THE CARETAKER (living rent free and anxious to remain).—Dere wuz a man lookin' bout buyin' de place dis mawnin'.

FRIEND.—Did he see all de t'ings what 's de matter wif it?

THE CARETAKER.—No; I had ter show him some ob dem.



The most pungent, exhilarating and refreshing Perfume. Used by persons of refinement. Imported into America for three-quarters of a Century. Be sure to get "No. 4711," which is the standard in all civilized countries.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N. Y., U. S. AGENTS.

IN RING PARLANCE.

MISS FOX.—Papa, why does a young man give his fiancée a diamond ring?
MR. FOX.—Oh! that 's the forfeit he puts up to insure a fight.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

ANY man can sell a patent medicine by claiming that it is good for brain fog; all of us believe we are suffering with brain fog.—*Atchison Globe.*

Wool Soap Safety

You can tell by the looks of Wool Soap that it's pure, and you're sure when you use Wool Soap that it's pure. No deception about it. Just pure, white soap, safe and agreeable in TOILET AND BATH. If your dealer doesn't have it, send us his name and we'll send you a cake free

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7 YEARS OLD

NOTHING BETTER
MADE OR SOLD.

Matured in wood
and bottled in bond
under Governmental
Supervision.

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can be enlarged one inch and wrist strengthened 50 per cent. IN ONE MONTH by using the

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Graduated Gymnastic Club and Strength Tester. Unlike Indian clubs, BUT ONE CLUB IS REQUIRED FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

With this club the arms and chest can be developed in less than one-half the time required by chest weights, dumbbells or any other apparatus known.

Send stamp for descriptive pamphlet and price list to

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THIS WRETCHED WEATHER.

"Where on earth are my woolen slippers?"

"Don't scold so, Papa. George was here last night and he forgot to bring his car-muffs, and it was storming so hard when he went home that I let him use your slippers."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"MY SON," said Mrs. Ape to her youngest, "take your mother's advice: don't monkey with the Dago."—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

SOME men are so interested in the monkey stage of their evolution, that they forget they are now men.—*Ram's Horn.*

WE would give a good deal for the contentment and complacency of the man who uses big words wrong.—*Washington Democrat.*



My Great-Aunt Elizabeth resembles
The willow-tree beside a wimple brook,
She is so supple, tall and slender;
Just like an etching in a vellum book
Of some *La Belle Dame sans merci*,
With coiled curls and skirts of cramoisie; —
The kind that had so many silk-clad beaux,
And wore rosettes upon her graceful toes.

My Great-Aunt Elizabeth was young
Some thirty years or more ago,
And, if contemporaries tell it right,
She was a most outrageous flirt, also;
'Most every young man in Northamptonshire
For love of her was ready to expire;
And when she danced the minuet, 't is said,
A heart was always mangled 'neath her tread.

My Great-Aunt Elizabeth has lost
The dewy gold and rose she used to wear,
But still is she a queen and holds a court,
And is beloved by gallants, I declare; —
One rides a hobby-horse, 't is true,
And he reduplicates her eyes of blue;
The most delicious, dimpled, kilted beaux
Now bow and worship at her slipper toes!

Elizabeth Dupuy.